

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

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AUTHORITY

# G.I. COMBAT

JULY

No. 38

10¢

THE STEEL TRAP

GET THAT TANK

PRIVATE LONGHORSE  
ATTACKS

INVASION  
DRIVE







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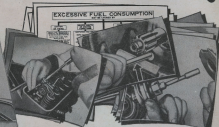


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G.I. COMBAT

# The STEEL TRAP.



W-WAIT, CAPTAIN!  
IT'S A TRICK! A  
*PRINT* ATTACK!  
THEY'RE ATTACKING  
FROM THIS SIDE!

GOOD HEAVENS, MAJOR!  
I-I CAN'T GET THE MEN'S  
ATTENTION! THEY'RE BEING  
LURED TO THEIR DESTRUCTION  
AS THEY CHASE THE  
TRIBESMEN BACK  
THERE!

FOR MONTHS MAJOR GARRETT'S G.I. FORCES HAD STOOD OFF THE ON-  
SLAUGHTS OF RUSSIAN-SUPPLIED RED IRAQIAN SABOTEURS! BUT AS THE  
600 MILE STEEL ARTERY FROM THE MOSUL OIL FIELDS TO THE PERSIAN GULF  
NEARED COMPLETION, THE REDS GREW MORE DESPERATE! TIME WAS RUNNING  
OUT! THE AMERICANS, ON CONSTANT PATROL, WERE CONSTANTLY VIGILANT!  
COLONEL OKLOV, COMMANDING THE RED HORDES, FRANTICALLY DECIDED ON  
A NEW METHOD OF ATTACK!



SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS SOUTH OF THE MOSUL OIL FIELDS....

THIS DOTTED LINE REPRESENTS THE INCOMPLETED LENGTH OF THE AMERICAN PIPE LINE! OUR JOB, EL FALLOM, IS TO SEE THAT IT STAYS INCOMPLETED!



IF THIS 600 MILE PIPELINE IS FINISHED, MOSUL OIL WILL BE PUMPED TO PORTS ON THE PERSIAN GULF! THE MILITARY POWER OF THE WESTERN ALLIES IN THE NEAR EAST WILL BE VASTLY INCREASED!

NATURALLY MY TRIBESMEN SHARE THE AIMS OF THE KREMLIN, COLONEL ORLOV! BUT THEY WILL NEED MORE THAN THEIR FEROCITY TO ATTACK THE AMERICANS!

FEAR NOT, EL FALLOM! YOUR FORCE WILL BE CONSTANTLY SUPPLIED BY AIR-DROP WITH ALL THE WEAPONS YOU'LL NEED!



THEN CONSIDER THE AMERICANS DOOMED! THEIR PIPELINE WILL VANISH UNDER THE BLASTS OF OUR DYNAMITE!

IT MUST BE SO, EL FALLOM! MY SUPERIORS WILL TOLERATE NO EXCUSES! IF WE DON'T SUCCEED, OUR LIVES WILL BE FORFEIT!



A WEEK LATER, 200 MILES SOUTH OF THE OIL FIELDS, A GROUP OF TRIBESMEN ATTACK AN AMERICAN POSITION!

YESTERDAY IT WAS A SKIRMISH! THIS TIME IT'S AN ALL-OUT ATTACK! WHAT ARE THESE HILL TREES UP TO ANYWAY, MAJOR?

OUR DESTRUCTION! BEAT 'EM BACK, SERGEANT! THIS ATTACK IS ONLY A SAMPLE OF WHAT'S TO COME!



"THEY'RE TURNIN' TAIL, MAJOR! WE GOT 'EM LICKED!"

ONLY TEMPORARILY, KENDALL! FROM NOW ON, THESE RED BANDS WILL HARASS US EVERY MOMENT!



LT. JERRIS REPORTING, SIR! THE PIPELINE IS NOT DAMAGED!

GOOD! PASS THE WORD TO THE OTHER OFFICERS, JERRIS! THERE'LL BE AN EMERGENCY CONFERENCE IN MY TENT TONIGHT AT 7 SHARP!





THAT NIGHT, AT 7 P.M., OUTSIDE MAJOR GARRETT'S TENT...

HHH... MAJOR GARRETT'S SET UP AN AROUND-THE-CLOCK HELICOPTER PATROL! THESE WINDMILLS HAVE BEEN PASSING OVERHEAD SINCE FOUR O'CLOCK!

WE NEED 'EM, JERRIS! HOW ELSE CAN WE DEFEND 150 MILES OF PIPELINE? WE NEED A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF WHAT THE REDS ARE UP TO!



SHORTLY AFTER, INSIDE THE TENT...

ANYBODY WHO THOUGHT THAT DEFENDING THIS PIPELINE WOULD BE A ROUTINE JOB BETTER WAKE UP! AS USUAL, AN OSCOW WON'T SAY THEY'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE RAIDS! THEY'LL PASS THE BUCK TO THESE IRAQIAN TRIBESMEN!



THE RAIDERS WILL HAVE EVERY MILITARY ADVANTAGE THE RUSSIANS CAN DROP IN THEIR LAPS BY PARACHUTE! NOT EXCLUDING ARMY OFFICERS WITH SKILL AND EXPERIENCE TO ADVISE 'EM!

AND THEY CAN ATTACK US ANYWHERE, MAJOR!



HOW CAN WE DEFEND THE PIPELINE IF WE'RE 50 MILES FROM THE SCENE OF ANY GIVEN ATTACK?

GOOD QUESTION, CAPTAIN! I'VE ASKED HEADQUARTERS FOR INCREASED MOBILITY! BESIDES, THE REDS HAVE THE SAME PROBLEM! THEY CAN'T ATTACK IN FORCE IF THEY DISTRIBUTE THEIR TROOPS TOO THINLY!



THE POINT IS...WE'LL HAVE TO BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE! OUR OBJECTIVE IS...TO CAPTURE THE ATTACKERS! IF WE LICK THIS BUNCH, IT'LL DETER ANY OTHER BATCH OF TRIBESMEN FROM TAKING THEIR PLACE!



SO, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED...

TAKE 'ER UP, JIM! THEY'VE GOT MACHINE GUNS! THIS RULES OUT ANY CLOSE SCRUTINY OF THE TERRAIN!



HA! THE MACHINE GUNS WE RECEIVED YESTERDAY KEEP THE FOOLS AT A DISTANCE!

NONSENSE, ORLOV! THEIR OBSERVERS CAN OVERCOME DISTANCE WITH TELESCOPIC VIEWERS! WE'LL NEED ANTI-AIRCRAFT WEAPONS!





YOU'RE RIGHT, EL FALLONI! I'LL ORDER THE GUNS TONIGHT! UNLESS WE CAN MOVE ABOUT WITHOUT DETECTION, OUR ATTACKS CAN BE ANTICIPATED!

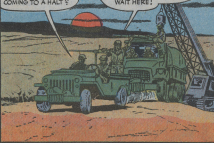
NOT THE ONE WE PLAN TOMORROW NIGHT! ALL THEIR AIR-SPOTTERS PUT TOGETHER COULD NOT FORESEE TOMORROW NIGHT'S SCHEME!



AS THE DYING SUN STREAKED THE SKY WITH CRIMSON, THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

WHAT IS IT, MAJOR? WHY ARE WE COMING TO A HALT?

I JUST NOTICED SOMETHING ON THE GROUND AHEAD! WAIT HERE!



SEE THOSE FOOTPRINTS, JERRIS? AS IF SOMEONE HAD POUNDED THE EARTH IN WITH HIS FEET! LET'S GET BACK TO THE JEEP! I WANT TO TRY SOMETHING!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

YES NOW!

OKAY, MAJOR! THE WHEEL'S STRAPPED! THE ACCELERATOR IS DEPRESSED! SHALL I LET 'ER GO?



YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, THE REDS KNOW THE ROUTE WE HAVE TO TRAVEL! IT'S JUST POSSIBLE THEY MINED THE GROUND AHEAD OF US!

BUT THE WEIGHT OF THE JEEP HASN'T TOUCHED OFF AN EXPLOSION!

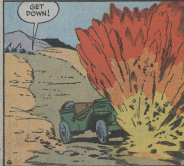


BECAUSE IT HADN'T REACHED THE TRIGGER MINE YET! IF THE REDS WANTED TO KNOCK OUT OUR ENTIRE COLUMN, THEY'D WAIT TILL OUR WHOLE FORCE STOOD UPON THE MINE FIELD!

6-GOOD GRIEF! THERE IT GOES!



GET DOWN!





A PLAGUE ON THEM! THEY'VE EXPLODED THE MINE FIELD! NOT EVEN ONE OF THEM WAS HURT! EL FALLOW, ATTACK... NOW!

NO, ORLOV! IT WOULD BE A WASTED EFFORT! THEIR MAIN FORCE IS CONCENTRATED BELOW! LET'S BIDE OUR TIME AND PLAN CAREFULLY!

BUT WE PLANNED CAREFULLY AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED! ALL OUR MINES BLOWN UP FOR NOTHING!

THEN WE MUST BE CLEVERER STILL! REMEMBER THAT IF ANY TRIBESMEN ARE DEFEATED NO OTHER WILL TAKE THEIR PLACES! RELAX, ORLOV! OUR TIME WILL COME!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED...

ARMORED UNIT NUMBER 9 REPORTING! NO SIGN OF VANDALISM! AM RETURNING TO OUTPOST;

HELICOPTER 5 REPORTING! THE REDS MUST BE IN HIDING! NO MOVEMENT VISIBLE FOR MANY MILES AROUND!



BUT A WEEK LATER...

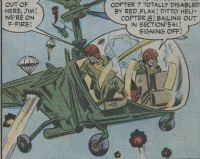
THEY CAN'T ESCAPE, COLONEL! THEY'RE DEAD IN OUR SIGHTS AND TOTALLY UNPREPARED FOR ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE!

ALL RIGHT! BLAST AWAY!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, JIM! WE'RE ON F-FIRE!

I-I WANT TO REPORT IT! HELICOPTER 7 TOTALLY DISABLED BY RED FLAK! DITTO HELICOPTER 8! BAILING OUT IN SECTION 54! SIGNING OFF!



GOOD SHOOTING, ORLOV! IM OFF!

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT BIDDING OUR TIME, EL FALLOW! THIS OPERATION SHOULD CATCH THE FOOLS ON GROUND AS OFF-GUARD AS WE CAUGHT THOSE IN THE AIR!



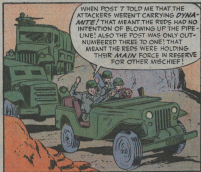
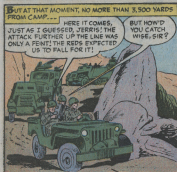
AN HOUR LATER, AT A LIGHTLY-PROTECTED SECTION OF THE PIPE-LINE...

H-HOLY CATS, SARGE! IT'S A RAID!

KEEP UP YOUR FIRE! I'M CALLIN' MAJOR GARRETT! POST 7 CALLIN' THE C.O.! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED THREE TO ONE!











N-NO! DON'T SHOOT! WE SURRENDER!

RESISTANCE IS USELESS! RETREAT TO THE HILLS! QUICK!



SOMEHOW THEY CAUGHT WISE TO OUR RUSE! THIS AMERICAN COMMANDER MUST HAVE A SIXTH SENSE! HE READS OUR MINDS!



A HALF HOUR LATER...

THIS IS POST 7! CAPTAIN RIETT! SPEAKING! WE'VE ROUTED THE ENEMY!

GOOD WORK, CAPTAIN! WE'VE DONE ALL RIGHT OURSELVES! WE'VE TAKEN 100 PRISONERS! THAT OUGHT TO STOP THESE BABIES FOR A WHILE!



MAYBE NOW WE CAN RELAX, EH, MAJOR?

ON THE CONTRARY, JERRIS! THE REDS WILL BE MORE DESPERATE THAN EVER TO SMASH THE PIPELINE! TIME IS RUNNING OUT ON THEM! WE'VE GOT TO BE TWICE AS VIGILANT AS BEFORE!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE HILLS...

AS LONG AS THIS AMERICAN COMMANDER IS SO CLEVER, WE'LL GET NOWHERE, ORLOV!

THEN OUR MAIN OBJECTIVE MUST BE TO WIPE OUT THE PROTECTING FORCE! AFTER THAT WE CAN DESTROY THE PIPELINE TO OUR HEART'S CONTENT!

WE'D BETTER DO IT FAST! MY TRIBESMEN ARE LOSING HEART! THE LITTLE MONEY THEY GET NO LONGER SEEMS ATTRACTIVE TO THEM!

THEN WE MUST LAY A TRAP FOR THE AMERICANS! A TRAP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE! ALL OUR MOVEMENTS MUST TAKE PLACE AT NIGHT!

IN THAT WAY, THEIR HELICOPTERS WILL SEE NOTHING! I'LL ASK HEAD-QUARTERS FOR SMOKE BOMBS TO FURTHER INSURE THE SECRECY OF OUR MOVEMENTS! THEN... THE TRAP!





A FEW DAYS LATER AS THE RAINS FELL....

I KNOW WHAT YOU

SOMETHING'S UP, MAJOR! THE HELICOPTERS REPORT NO RED MOVEMENTS WHATSOEVER! YET WE KNOW THEY'RE STILL UP IN THE HILLS!

MEAN, CAPTAIN! COULD BE THEY'RE MOVING AT NIGHT! TELL THE PATROLS TO REDOUBLE THEIR VIGILANCE!



EARLY MORNING, IN THE HILLS, JUST BEFORE DAWN WHILE THE RAIN STILL FELL....

WE'RE IN TROUBLE, ORLOV! MY MEN ARE NOT YET IN POSITION AND DAWN IS BREAKING! WE'LL BE SPOTTED FROM THE AIR!

NO, EL FALLUM! I ANTICIPATED AN EMERGENCY LIKE THIS! THESE SMOKE BOMBS WE'RE UNCRATING WILL MARK OUR MOVEMENTS TO ANYONE IN A PLANE! THEY WILL HOVER A HUNDRED FEET FROM THE GROUND!



AN HOUR LATER AS THE RAIN CEASES!

THIS SMOKE SCREEN MIGHT BE ANOTHER TRICK, MAJOR! THE REDS MIGHT WANT US TO THINK THEY'RE CONCENTRATING BELOW WHEN THEY'RE ACTUALLY ELSEWHERE!

STAY WITH THE SMOKE, LIEUTENANT! REPORT ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS!



THAT AFTERNOON, THE CAMP HAD A VISITOR....

GREETINGS, AMERICANS! I AM EL FALLUM, LEADER OF THE TRIBESMEN WHO GAVE YOU TROUBLE! I HAVE DESERTED MY RUSSIAN COMPANIONS! I AM QUITS WITH THEM!

WHAT CAUSED THE BREACH?



YOU DID, BY YOUR HEROIC DEFENSE! WE CANNOT BEAT YOU! IN RETURN FOR BEING EXCUSED FOR MY RAIDS, I WILL LEAD YOU TO ORLOV'S FORCES! THEY ARE BEYOND THE HILLS.... IN THE DESERT!

THE DESERT, EH?



CORRECT! THE DESERT, FROM WHERE I HAVE JUST COME! ORLOV PLANS A MIDNIGHT ATTACK ON YOUR PIPE-LINE TEN MILES BELOW HERE! I WILL LEAD YOU TO ORLOV THROUGH A SHORT CUT IN THE HILLS!

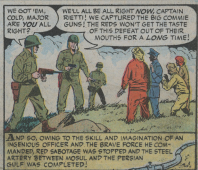
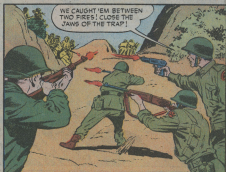
WAIT, EL FALLUM! I WANT A LOOK AT THE DESERT! ENGINEER, TAKE ME UP!



W-WHAT IS THIS NONSENSE, MAJOR? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

THE DESERT? FROM A HEIGHT OF JUST UNDER 100 FEET...THE HEIGHT OF A MILE LONG SMOKE-SCREEN. SHALL WE SAY? CAPTAIN, SEIZE EL FALLUM!



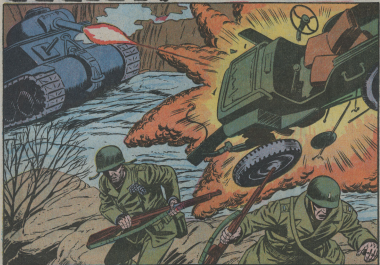




G.I. COMBAT

# GET THAT TANK

THE RED T-34 WAS A LONE WOLF KILLER ON THE LOOSE -- CUT OFF FROM HIS COMRADES -- LEFT WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT PROWL THE THICKETS ALONG THE HALF-FROZEN MYONGJU RIVER AND HARASS THE UN OUTPOST! THE G.I.'S CALLED HIM "WANG BANG" AND CURSED HIM THROUGH CHATTERING TEETH ... SHIVERING IN THE KOREAN COLD WHILE THEY TRIED TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO KILL A 35-TON TANK WITH CARBINES AND HAND GRENADES!



ORIGINALLY THERE WERE SIX RED TANKS, SPOTTED ONE MORNING BY A THUNDERBOLT SQUADRON ON PATROL!

YA-HOO! SIX COMMIE CANS JUST CROSSED THE MYONGJU BRIDGE! WE'RE IN BUSINESS!



THE NEAREST COVER WAS BACK ACROSS THE RIVER, IN RED TERRITORY, AND THE TANKS FOOLISHLY RISKED A RUN FOR IT!

I'VE HEARD A RUMOR THAT TANKS CAN'T SWIM, GANG! HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO FIND OUT IF IT'S TRUE!



THE LAST TANK SLOWER THAN THE OTHERS  
HAD TIME TO SWERVE OFF FROM  
THE DEATH TRAP!



THE JETS HUNTED BUT THEY WERE SHORT  
ON FUEL — AND AT 600 MPH THE GROUND  
WAS A BLUR AT LOW ALTITUDE!



THE  
EIGHTH  
FIGHTER-  
BOMBER  
COMMAND  
FLASHED  
WORD  
TO THE C.R.  
NEAREST  
THE WYONBU  
..TO THE  
TANK-  
KILLER  
TEAM  
OF  
LIEUTENANT  
SAUNDERS!

COME ON, YOU LUCKY  
BOYS! WE'RE HAVING  
A PICNIC ON THE  
WYONBU! BRING  
YOUR CAN-OPENER,  
MURPHY!

OH, NO! ANY  
COMMIE DUMB  
ENOUGH TO BRING  
A TANK OUT IN  
THIS WEATHER  
OUGHTA FREEZE!  
WHY SHOULD WE  
PUT HIM OUTA HIS  
MISERY?



MURPHY AND CHAVEZ,  
TAKE THE LEAD  
JEEP WITH ME!  
THE REST STICK  
CLOSE IN  
NUMBER 2!

NOW I'M A  
CHAUFFEUR! I  
DON'T GET EXTRA  
PAY FOR THIS! I'M  
GONNA COMPLAIN  
TO THE UNION!



THAT'S THE ARMY,  
SON! EVER SINCE  
THEY FOUND OUT  
I WAS FROM  
FLORIDA, THEY'VE  
BEEN SHOVIN' ME  
CLOSER TO SIBERIA!  
BRRR!

WE'RE  
READY  
WHEN  
YOU  
ARE,  
LIEU-  
TENANT!



DON'T LOOK  
NOW, BUT  
THERE'S A  
TRUCK  
FOLLOWING  
US! WHAT  
GIVES?

SERGEANT BILE'S  
PLATOON IS TO  
ESTABLISH AN  
ADVANCE POST ON  
THE RIVER WITH  
US! THE WHOLE  
OUTFIT MOVES UP  
TOMORROW!



WHAT A COUNTRY!  
IT'S COLD ENOUGH  
TO FREEZE THE  
NOSE OFF A  
ROCKET.. BUT  
NOT COLD ENOUGH  
TO FREEZE  
THIS \*!?!? &  
MUD!

CHEER UP!  
YOU HAVEN'T  
SEEN MUD  
UNTIL YOU'VE  
TRAMPED  
ALONG  
THE  
RIVER!





THEY REACHED THE MYONGU IN THE LATE AFTERNOON! IT WAS GETTING STEADILY COLDER!

MAN, THOSE FLYBOYS REALLY SCORED! THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE TO SEE TANKS!

TAKE COVER YOU IDIOTS! THIS IS A QUIET PERIMETER NOW, BUT THESE WOODS MAY BE FULL OF REDS WITH MORTARS!

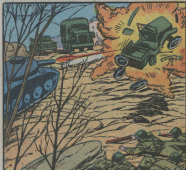
DID YOUR MEN IN WHERE YOU CAN COVER THE ROAD AND THE BRIDGE, SERGEANT! WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN TRACK DOWN THE RED TANK!

THAT'S US! LET'S MOVE, CHARACTERS!

THEY STARTED FOR THE JEEPS AND EVERYTHING HAPPENED AT ONCE!

YI-I-I-I! WHAT'S THAT?

A TANK ENGINE! HE'S RIGHT OVER THERE! HIT THE DIRT!



AT POINT-BLANK RANGE THE JEEPS AND THE HALF-TRACK WERE SITTING DUCKS!

MY BEAUTIFUL BAZOOKA! THAT DIRTY, LOW, DOWN..

PULL BACK! GET UP IN THE ROCKS! ON THE DOUBLE!



RADIO FOR HELP, SERGEANT! ASK FOR AIR COVER!

WITH WHAT? OUR SC300 WAS IN THAT TRUCK!



THIS IS LOVELY! HE GOT OUR ONLY ANTI-TANK WEAPON, AND WE CAN'T RADIO FOR HELP OR PULL OUT! HOW BAD WERE WE MUST, SERGEANT?

FIVE WOUNDED, NONE TOO SERIOUS.. SO FAR!



BREAK IT OFF! YOU CAN'T PUNCTURE THAT ARMOR WITH LIGHT STUFF! SAVE YOUR AMMO!



THE T-34 LUMBERED BACK TO THE ROAD AND CROUCHED THERE COVERING THE HILLSIDE!

HE'S CUT OFF FROM HELP, TOO! SOONER OR LATER HE'LL RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION AND GASOLINE!

YEAH, AND I KNOW WHEN... RIGHT AFTER WE'VE FROZEN TO DEATH ON THIS HILL! WE DON'T DARE LIGHT A FIRE TO GET WARM!



THAT WIND'S COLDER THAN A COMMIE SMILE, BUT AT LEAST WE'RE UP OUTTA THAT BLASTED MUD!

MUD! HEY, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, CHAVEZ! WHEN IT GETS A LITTLE DARKER, LET'S YOU AND ME TAKE A LITTLE STROLL!



UH-OH! SOME OF THE BOYS DOWN THERE ARE CHANCING A FIRE!

AND HERE COMES WANG-BANG, THE SCRAP-IRON KID, TO INVESTIGATE!

ROAD RUMBLE



THE T-34 RUMBLLED CLOSE AND PUT A FEW TRACER BURSTS IN AMONG THE ROCKS, BUT THE G.I.'S HAD ALREADY SCRAMBLED TO CLOSER COVER!

LOOK! HE'S SENDING RICOCHETS DOWN TO MAKE SURE NOBODY GETS TO STAY NEAR THE HEAT!

YEAH, BUT LOOK AT HIS CANNON! IT ISN'T EVEN AIMED THAT WAY! I'LL BET A DOLLAR HE'S OUT OF SHELLS FOR IT!



SO WHAT? A -SO CAN KILL YUH JUST AS DEAD, AND HE'S STILL GOT TWO OF THOSE!

BUT HE HAD TO SEE HIS TARGET WITH THOSE... AND I'M GONNA GIVE HIM A REAL NICE ONE!



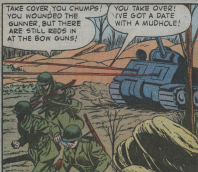
YOU AREN'T THE ONLY GUY WITH IDEAS! GIMME A GRENADE, MURPH! I WANT TO SEE IF HE WAS DOPEY ENOUGH TO LEAVE THE BREACH-BLOCK OPEN ON THAT CANNON!

OH, BROTHER!





G.I. COMBAT





MAN! MAN! LOOK AT OLD HANG BANG SINK INTO THAT GOO!

BUT HE'LL PULL OUT AS SOON AS THOSE TREADS CAN BITE INTO THE HARDER GROUND UNDERNEATH!



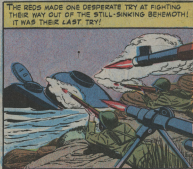
THAT'S WHAT HE FIGURED .. AND HE CHERED UP THE WHOLE RIVER BANK TRYING IT!

THERE HE GOES!



YA-HOO! SLIDE, YOU BUZZARDS, SLIDE!

RUSSIA WILL PROBABLY DISOWN 'EM FOR TAKING A BATH!



THE REDS MADE ONE DESPERATE TRY AT FIGHTING THEIR WAY OUT OF THE STILL-SINKING BEHEMOTH! IT WAS THEIR LAST TRY!



WITH THE TANK DESTROYED THERE WAS NO LONGER A NEED TO FREEZE WITHOUT FIRES!

SMART WORK, YOU TWO DECOYING THAT TANK OVER THAT SOFT BANK! I'LL PUT IN FOR TOKYO LEAVES FOR BOTH OF YOU!

SAY NOW, LEUTENANT, THAT'S MIGHTY DANGEROUS NICE OF YOU!



OF COURSE, I'LL HAVE TO REPORT THAT YOU TWO LEFT YOUR ANTI-TANK WEAPON AND AMMO BEHIND, AGAINST REGULATIONS..

UH-OH! QUOTE, WHEN ON PATROL, SQUAD MEMBERS WILL HAVE EQUIPMENT WITH THEIR PERSONS AT ALL TIMES, UNQUOTE!



ER... LET'S FORGET THE WHOLE DEAL, LEUTENANT! WE JUST DID OUR DUTY!

VERY WELL! THEN I'LL REMEMBER ONLY YOUR FINE MODESTY ... CORPORALS MURPHY AND CHAVEZ!



G.I. COMBAT

# INVASION DRIVE



OVER THE YEARS THE REDS HAVE PULLED SOME DESPERATE STUNTS IN THEIR HOT-AND-COLD WAR WITH THE WESTERN DEMOCRACIES! BUT PERHAPS NO SCHEME RIVALLED IN CUNNING AND VICIOUSNESS THE ATTACK THEY LAUNCHED ONE SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON ON CAPTAIN JIM HALLECK'S PICKED GROUP OF G.I.S. STATIONED IN WESTERN GERMANY!

ONE MORNING IN EARLY SEPTEMBER, THERE ROLLED INTO AN AMERICAN CAMP NEAR THE GERMAN BORDER, A PROCESSION OF THICKLY COVERED VEHICLES...



YOU'D THINK ALL THE GOLD FROM FORT KNOC WAS BEIN' SHIPPED THE WAY THEM M.P.S. ARE GUARDIN' THAT CONVOY!



AN HOUR LATER, AT COLONEL BRADY'S OFFICE...

WE'VE CALLED YOU IN, CAPTAIN HALLECK, BECAUSE WE'D LIKE YOU TO COMMAND A VERY DELICATE MILITARY OPERATION!

THE COLONEL'S MEANING WILL BECOME CLEAR, CAPTAIN, ONCE YOU SEE WHAT WE HAVE OUTSIDE! COME THIS WAY!



G-GREAT JUMPIN'!

THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN! QUITE A SIGHT, AREN'T THEY?

A SIGHT THE REDS WON'T LIKE TO FACE IN COMBAT, YOU CAN WAGER ON THAT!



INCIDENTALLY, CAPTAIN, IT'S ALSO A SIGHT THE REDS WOULD GIVE THEIR EYE-TEETH TO LOOK AT BEHIND THE SAFETY OF THEIR OWN BORDER!

THEY'RE NEW LAND OFFENSIVE WEAPONS, AREN'T THEY?



NEW AS CAN BE, CAPTAIN, AND COMPLETELY UNTRIED OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY! THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN! YOUR COMPANY HAS BEEN SELECTED TO CONDUCT A MOCK COMBAT TEST WITH THEM!

YOUR MEN WILL BE TRAINED IN THE NEW DEVICES! FROM THERE ON... YOU TAKE IT, CAPTAIN!



AND SO, FOR ALMOST A WEEK MEMBERS OF CAPTAIN HALLECK'S COMPANY WERE MINUTELY BRIEFED ON THE USE OF THE NEW WEAPON!

TANK #769B CAN DEVELOP THE SPEED OF A SPORTS CAR ON FLAT SURFACES! ITS HORSEPOWER IS PHENOMENAL....



ANOTHER WEEK WAS DEVOTED TO FIELD INSTRUCTION....

NO, NO! GUNNER, YOU'RE NOT USING ONE OF YOUR OLD RECOL INSTRUMENTS! THIS ANTI-TANK GUN IS ABSOLUTELY RECOL-LESS!



LAST OF ALL CAME THE CHOICE OF THE PROPER TOPOGRAPHY FOR THE TEST!

CONFINE YOURSELF TO SECTOR 15 AND 16, CAPTAIN! BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T MOVE TOO CLOSE TO THE EAST GERMAN BORDER! THERE'S CONSTANT INFILTRATION ON THE PART OF THE REDS!

I UNDERSTAND, MAJOR! YOU DON'T WANT TO GIVE THE REDS ANY PRE-VIEWS!



THE COLUMN MOVED OUT OF THE CAMP IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, SO AS NOT TO ATTRACT EVEN THE ATTENTION OF FRIENDLY EYES!

WE'LL KEEP ALL OUR UNITS OUT OF SECTORS 15 AND 16 TELL YOUR MANEUVERS ARE ENDED, CAPTAIN! FOR 48 HOURS YOU'LL LIVE IN YOUR OWN PRIVATE LITTLE WORLD!

THANK YOU, COLONEL! WE'LL DO OUR BEST!

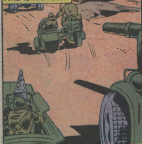


PRETTY BIG DOINGS, EH, CAPTAIN?

BIG AS THEY COME, SERGEANT! A LOT'S GOING TO DEPEND ON WHAT WE LEARN IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS!



BY THE TIME DAWN CAME CAPTAIN HALLECK'S GROUP HAD ENTERED SECTORS 15 AND 16...



BY 10 A.M. THE MANEUVERS WERE IN FULL SWING! BY NOON, A NUMBER OF ASTONISHING COMBAT FACTS WERE NOTED DOWN BY CAPTAIN HALLECK! BUT AT ONE-FIFTEEN P.M. EXACTLY...

WHAT IS IT, CORCORAN?

W-WEST GERMANS! A WHOLE COMPANY OF THEM, CAPTAIN!



YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH, CAPTAIN! HERE COMES A SQUAD CAR WITH A TRUCE FLAG!



A THOUSAND PARDONS, HERR CAPTAIN! IT APPEARS MY FORCE HAS BLUNDERED ONTO YOUR MANEUVER GROUND, NICHT?

NICHT IS RIGHT, COLONEL! TAKE OFF AS FAST AS YOU CAN TURN YOUR SQUAD CAR AROUND! NOT EVEN AMERICAN TROOPS ARE PERMITTED IN THIS SECTOR!



ACH! YOU SOUND AS IF WE WERE RED SPIES OR SOMETHING EQUALLY DISGUSTING! WE ARE WEST-GERMANS, CAPTAIN! WE ARE ON YOUR SIDE AGAINST THE COMMUNIST Hordes! HMM... WHAT INTERESTING VEHICLES! ARE THEY NEW?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! TAKE OFF, I SAID!





SINCE WE VASTLY OUTNUMBER YOUR LITTLE FORCE, CAPTAIN, IT IS CLEAR I LEAVE THROUGH MY GENEROSITY, NOT BECAUSE OF YOUR STRENGTH! AUF WIEDERSEHN, CAPTAIN!

IF THAT MEANS ...SEE YOU AGAIN... LET'S NOT, COLONEL! SCRAM AND STAY SCRAMMED!



BUT THE INSTANT THE WEST GERMAN COLONEL ENTERED HIS SQUAD CAR, HE DREW HIS LUGER!

RUN THEM DOWN! H-HOLY CATS, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE GUNNIN' FOR US!



B-BUT THE WEST GERMANS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE FRIENDLY!

IF THIS'S FRIENDSHIP, GIVE ME ENEMIES ANY TIME! I'LL RETURN SOME OF THEIR BLASTED FRIENDSHIP!



I HIT THEIR GAS TANK! THEY'RE FLIN' OUT!

DON'T SHOOT, CORCORAN! MAYBE THEY'LL REGAIN THEIR SENSES!



BUT MINUTES LATER...

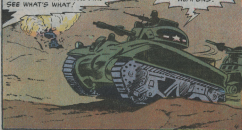
A FINE WAY TO REGAIN SENSES! THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR OUR BOYS, ALL OF 'EM!

THE WEST GERMANS HAVE GONE CRAZY! I'M ORDERING OUR MEN TO STREAK FOR SECTOR 16! I DON'T WANT A FIGHT IF I CAN HELP IT!



AVOID A FIGHT WITH THOSE NITWITS! WE DON'T WANT AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT! RETREAT TO POSITION 9! WE'LL REGROUP THERE AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT!

YOU'RE THE BOSS, CAPTAIN! BUT I'D SURE LIKE TO GIVE THESE GUYS A TASTE OF OUR NEW WEAPONS!



TEN MINUTES LATER, NEAR SECTOR 16...

HERE THEY COME! GIVE THE ORDER TO ATTACK!





C-CAPTAIN!  
LOOK!

N-NOW IT'S  
EAST GERMANS!  
THEY'VE INVADED  
OUR SECTOR! TELL  
THE COLUMN TO  
HALT!



THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO,  
CAPTAIN! WE'RE BEIN'  
SQUEEZED FROM TWO  
DIRECTIONS! WE'RE IN A  
VICE!

HAVE A HANDKERCHIEF, CORCORAN! I  
WANT TO TALK TO THE COMMANDER OF  
THAT RED FORCE! MAYBE HE'S  
BLUNDERED INTO OUR TERRITORY,  
TOO!

BUT MOMENTS LATER... AS THE  
RED GENERAL EXPLAINED THAT THE  
SECTORS WERE CONSIDERED EAST  
GERMAN AS OF THAT MORNING...

THAT'S  
RIDICULOUS!  
THIS'S WEST  
GERMAN  
TERRITORY  
AND YOU  
KNOW IT!

TERRITORY BELONGS  
TO THOSE WHO CAN  
HOLD IT, FOOL!  
WHILE THE DIPLOMATS  
DEBATE WHETHER WE  
HAVE A RIGHT TO BE  
HERE, WE'LL BE IN  
POSSESSION OF IT! I  
CALL UPON YOU TO  
SURRENDER!



W-WHAT  
ABOUT  
THOSE  
WEST  
GERMANS?  
WHAT'RE  
THEY  
DOING  
HERE?

YOU MAKE ME SMILE,  
AMERICAN! THERE ARE  
NO WEST GERMANS  
HERE! THEY'RE EAST  
GERMANS DISGUISED  
IN WEST GERMAN  
UNIFORMS! THEY'RE  
LED BY HERR VOSSE,  
ONE OF OUR BRILLIANT  
SPY LEADERS IN THE  
WEST ZONE!



HERE VOSSE LEARNED ABOUT YOUR  
SECRET WEAPONS TEST HERE! SO  
WE DECIDED TO KILL TWO BIRDS  
WITH ONE STONE! SEIZE THESE  
SECTORS AND EVERYTHING ON IT...  
LIKE THOSE  
WEAPONS!

I HEARD  
ENOUGH!  
CORCORAN,  
PUT THIS  
CYCLE IN  
REVERSE!

RIGHT,  
CAPTAIN!



A NICE FIX! THERE'S NO  
WAY OUT EXCEPT  
ANNIHILATION! OUR FORCE  
IS OUTNUMBERED 10 TO 1!  
WE'D BETTER RADIO FOR  
HELP!

WE'RE BEYOND HELP,  
CORCORAN! BY THE  
TIME REINFORCE-  
MENTS GET HERE,  
WE'LL BE WIRED OUT!  
THE SECRET WEAPONS  
WILL HAVE DISAPPEARED  
OVER THE BORDER!



AFTER THAT, THE ONLY SATISFACTION NATO WILL  
GET WILL BE A VAGUE APOLOGY AND ASSORTED  
LIES... BUT NO RETURN OF THE MATERIAL! NO,  
CORCORAN, THIS MAN'S ARMY, SMALL AS IT  
IS, WILL HELP ITSELF!



# G.I. COMBAT

EXPERIMENTAL GROUP 87! THIS IS HALLECK! INSTEAD OF USING THIS NEW STUFF FOR MANEUVER TESTING ONLY, WE'LL TRY IT ON THESE INVADERS! TAKE BATTLE FORMATION!



HIT THE WEST GERMANS! OR RATHER THE EAST GERMANS IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING... FIRST! GIVE 'EM EVERYTHING!



THAT'S THE TICKET, ANTI-TANK CREWS! GIVE 'EM UNCLE SAM'S LATEST SUNDAY PUNCH!



MOVING WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, THE AMERICAN TANKS, VASTLY SUPERIOR IN POWER, ARMOR AND MANEUVERABILITY, BASHED INTO THEIR ENEMIES!



THE U.S. ARMORED UNITS WERE UNSTOPPABLE! THEIR ARMOR WAS OF ASTOUNDING IMPREGNABILITY! RED PROJECTILES RATTLED OFF THEIR SIDES LIKE GREEN PEAS!



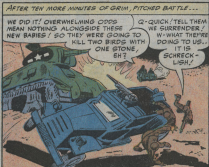
THE NEW ARMORED CARS WERE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE! THEIR MEASURABLY IMPROVED FIRE-POWER STRUCK TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE INVADERS!



GREAT WORK! THEY'RE ON THE RUN! UNITS 1 THROUGH 8, HEAD DUE NORTH, AS IF YOU'RE FLEEING! THEN CIRCLE BACK AND BEHIND THE EAST GERMANS! THE REST OF YOU, ABOUT FACE!







# How I Made a Small Fortune In Spare Time!

(WITHOUT SPENDING A PENNY)

The TRUE STORY of William Bergstrom of Illinois



Jim told me Mason sends a Selling Outfit FREE and shows how to make MONEY. So I mailed a coupon. My wife was thrilled!



I started with friends, relatives, people where I worked. EVERYBODY wants comfortable shoes!



Soon the Mason people sent me actual sample shoes, and sales came faster than ever!



My spare-time business grew by leaps and bounds. It was a catch getting repeat orders!



I soon had a business that brought me over \$1000 EXTRA a year, plus exciting prizes. I found real security!



Mail Coupon For YOUR **FREE** Money-Making Outfit!

What would YOU do with \$3,000 EXTRA income a year? Thousands of men are making handsome extra incomes with Mason Shoe. You don't need one cent...ever. You need no experience. We'll send you a complete Selling Outfit FREE! It features handsome line of over 175 styles in smart dress shoes, sport casuals and fast-selling work shoes...and includes 18-speed Air Cushion demonstrators, Measuring equipment, Money-making booklet, National ads...EVERYTHING you need to start making big money from your first hour!

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Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MABT  
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co.  
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to start making a small fortune in spare time! Rush my FREE SELLING OUTFIT with everything I need to start making money my first hour!

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Incident in a Storm

HIS face a tight mask of dirt, sweat and exhaustion, Frank Mann leaned against an ancient rubber tree at the edge of the clearing. The night rains of Malaya began to beat down on the dense, jungle foliage overhead and he was struck by the familiarity of the scene before him. The plantation house and the outbuildings were new ramshackle and the bench-bladed side of the house was a grim reminder that for the second time in six years, this peninsula rubber empire was again in the grip of war, only this time it was called revolution.

He checked his chronometer and with minutes to spare before he went into the old house to meet Lo See, he reviewed those earlier days in his mind. Then, as an infantry Lieutenant, leading a small patrol through the enemy-infested jungle, his life had been saved and his patrol hidden, by the good Cho Sen family who owned this rubber plantation. When it was safe to move, they fought the jungle out to the small river and escaped to sea and a U.S. ship.

"Why," he mused, "it must be near this very spot where we hid that metal box of ammunition and covered it with underbrush so that old Mr. Cho Sen could get to it if he needed it after helping us escape." And he moved quickly over to the spot behind the remains of the servants' house. Sure enough, beneath two feet of heavy underbrush was the rusty metal box, the top still clamped tight shut. Maybe if old Cho Sen had remembered that cache of ammunition when the revolutionaries attacked the plantation, his elderly wife wouldn't be an impoverished widow and Frank Mann wouldn't be returning now to retrieve the only remaining vestige of the once vast fortune of the Cho Sen clan—the Cho Sen sapphire.

A rattle at the other side of the clearing brought him to sharp attention and through the mists and falling rain, he discerned the best, running figure of a native scurrying into the plantation house. Frank glanced at the time and thought, "It must be the servant, Lo See, and right on the button." Madam Cho Sen's message had gotten through the Malayan underground to Lo See, the trusted family servant, who, at the last, had helped Madam escape safely when the Reds suddenly attacked the plantation. He then returned to bury his murdered master and melted into the masses of unidentified Malaysians on the peninsula. He was to lead Frank Mann to the underground room beneath the house and then, armed with the secret of the hiding place known only to Madam Cho Sen, Frank would find the sapphire, pay the trusted Lo See a handsome sum for his trouble, and then fight his way through the rotting underbrush to the river inlet. There the sea-going sampan lay hidden, waiting to speed him to open water and the safety of the small freighter that would weigh anchor at dawn.

He slipped out into the clearing and as the pelting rain now hit him full force he was grateful for the cover of the old army raincoat. Frank sloshed through the mud to the plantation door, feeling, all of a sudden, as though many eyes pierced the sheets of falling rain and drilled into his back. "Pure fancy," he thought. "The Reds gave up hunting the sapphire when Madam Cho Sen escaped. They couldn't keep this deserted plantation under constant surveillance."

Once inside the house, he walked through to the kitchen and Lo See slipped out of the shadows, a covered lantern in hand. "Lieutenant Mann, you come in good time."

"Hi, Lo See," replied Mann. "I bring you the greetings of Madam Cho Sen and her deepest gratitude." The Malayan bowed deeply and then turned to lead the way into the pantry.

"Madam must extend her gratitude to you, too, Lieu-

tenant, since you risk your life to return here for her family jewel," said Lo See. "I owe my life to the Cho Sems. This is merely a partial repayment for it," said Frank.

By this time they were at the back of the second small pantry and Lo See shared sharply on the bottom of the narrow back wall and it slapped back at him like a wall-to-in leaning board. Stone steps led downward. The room at the foot of the stairs was a Madam Cho had described it, stone walls, chill and damp, and empty of all but a small table and chair. Recalling her detailed instructions, Frank hastily stepped onto the table and with the butt of his gun, sharply tapped on the lower center of the top corner stone. Directly below, at floor level, a stone swung out into the room. Lo See caught his breath as Frank jumped to the door and placing his gun on the table, he drew out a small box. The springing lid flew up to display the glittering magnificence of the fabulous Cho Sen Sapphire. And Frank looked up to greet the business end of his own automatic, clutched in the hand of a wild-eyed Lo See. "Thank you for lending me to it, Lieutenant Mann," snarled Lo See. "I've searched for many months, ever since I had Madam Cho Sen shipped out of the country." Frank's surprise was evident. "But your reward—" he muttered. Lo See made himself clear in a hurry. "I'm an agent for the opposition forces and when they arrive momentarily to take you into custody, I shall deliver the jewel to our leader to aid in the glorious victory of our forces and also take Madam's reward."

Wearing an unbelieving expression, Frank stepped forward, his hand stretched out with the jewel box in it. Suddenly, Lo See reached—for disaster. Frank lashed out with his free hand, sending the gun flying from Lo See's grasp. He followed up with a vicious smash to the jaw, snatched the gun from the floor and jamming the jewel box down the neck of his clothing until he could feel it next to his chest, he raved up the stairs, through the pantry and into the kitchen. He was in time to see them closing in, eight skulking figures coming toward the house. He thought quickly and slipped through the corridor towards the front door as the Reds entered the back kitchen. They immediately headed for the pantry where Lo See's lantern below cast a dim light up the steps.

Just outside the front door, Frank laid low the guard, and as he started across the clearing, he heard the hue and cry from the house. He made for the old servants' quarters, a fervent prayer on his lips and a daring plan in his mind. Circling the building, he fell to the ground and with supreme effort, extracted the rusted ammunition box from beneath the underbrush. The clamps came open but the top was stuck fast. Frank could hear the Reds as they came upon the suspicious guard and they heard Frank as he smashed his revolver against the box lid and it flew off with a clang. There lay six grenades. A frantic thought hit Frank. "If they're due six after six years—" He didn't have time for more. The Reds were moving in slowly now. They knew where he was. He pulled the pin and heaved the first one—not a sound, the hunters hadn't even heard it fall. The second one was another dud. The third one connected and blasted the first batch of Reds sky high and before the second outburst could figure on a single the fourth and fifth grenades made themselves known.

As Frank turned to leave, he spotted the white native clothes of Lo See where the last grenade had gone off.

The sampan moved into the harbor, just before dawn and as Frank Mann swung up the ladder of the freighter, he felt the jewel box hard against his chest. Madam Cho Sen would have her jewel and Frank Mann had repaid his life's debt in avenging her husband's murder.



G.I. COMBAT

# Private Longhorse **ATTACKS**

PRIVATE CHARLIE LONGHORSE WAS A FULL-BLOODED CHEYENNE INDIAN! HE WAS ALSO THE CLUMBIEST GUY IN DOG COMPANY-- WHICH GAVE ACID-TONGUED SERGEANT KELLER A CHANCE TO PRACTISE HIS WIT AT EVERY FUMBLE! CHARLIE COULD TAKE IT FROM THE SERGEANT--- BUT WHEN THE REDS GOT INTO THE ACT HE FLIPPED HIS FEATHERS AND WENT ON A ONE-MAN WARPATH THAT PUT A NAMELESS RIDGE ON THE KOREAN MAP AS ...  
**WARWHOO HILL!**



A NARROW COMMUNICATIONS TRENCH ZIG-ZAGGED ACROSS THE AMERICAN POSITION ON KA-NONG RIDGE!

SOMEBODY'S COMING! ARE YOU KIDDING, SARGE? UP THE TRENCH, BRADY! MAYBE IT'S A RED! NOTHING BUT A HERD OF ELEPHANTS COULD MAKE THAT MUCH NOISE!



PFC. CHARLIE LONGHORSE REPORTING, SIR! I'M A REPLACEMENT!

FOR WHAT... A SHERMAN TANK? AND QUIT TRYING TO SALUTE A SERGEANT! IF YOU -- HOLY SMOKE! AN INDIAN!





G.I. COMBAT

YOU MEAN THEY DO THIS EVERY DAY? WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY KNOCK OUT THOSE MORTARS AND TAKE THAT RIDGE?

HAH! BECAUSE BETWEEN US AND THEM ARE ABOUT 500 RED CHINESE, DUG IN TO STAY! NEITHER ARTILLERY NOR BOMBS CAN GET AT THEM!



TIME FOR GUESTS! YOU... HEAR BIG CHIEF STUMBLEFOOT... STAY CLOSE TO ME... BUT NOT TOO CLOSE!

AND KEEP AWAY FROM MY BROWNING, BUD, OR I'LL SCALP YOU!



LET 'EM HAVE IT!

COME ON, YOU RED DEVILS!



IN THE FURY OF THE BATTLE, A NEW SOUND AROSE... THE BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM OF THE INDIAN WARHOOP!

OOO-WAH... WAH... WAH...!

YIP! AN INDIAN WARHOOP!



COME ON, YOU BUZZARD! I'LL... OOPS!

LOOK OUT!



NO YOU DON'T, JUS-EARS!

ARRHH!



THE ATTACK WAS SHARP, DEADLY, VICIOUS... AND THEN IT WAS OVER!

HEY...! BLAST IT, CHIEF, YOU'D BE A TOP-NOTCH FIGHTER IF YOU COULD LEARN TO CONTROL THOSE FEET OF YOURS!

THAT'S WHAT I KEEP TELLING THEM SERGEANT!





I THOUGHT INDIANS CREEPT LIKE SHADOWS WHEN THEY WENT ON A RAID! YOU'RE THE CLUMSIEST GOON I EVER GOT KICKED BY!

IF THEY'D LET ME HEAR MOCCASINS LIKE I ALWAYS DID IN THE MOUNTAINS, I'D BE OKAY! IT'S THESE HEAVY G.I. BOOTS THAT GET ME!

OH, NO! HQ SAYS WE'RE TO STORM NAMELESS RIDGE AT MIDNIGHT! THE WHOLE PERIMETER'S BEING PUSHED FORWARD!

WITH THOSE RED MORTARS ZEROED IN ON THE SLOPE, WE'LL BE CLOBBERED! OH, WELL... OURS BUT TO DO AND DIE, AS THE POST SAYS!



SERGEANT, LET ME GO OUT ALONE WHEN IT'S DARK! I CAN GET UP THERE AND KNOCK OUT THOSE MORTARS WITH GRENADES!

YOU? YOU'D KICK THE REDS TO DEATH IF YOU GOT CLOSE ENOUGH... BUT YOU'D NEVER GET TEN FEET OUT WITH THE NOISE YOU MAKE!

NOT IN BOOTS, SARGE! LET ME HEAR MY MOCCASINS AND NOBODY HEAR ME! I'VE GOT A PAIR WITH ME!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'VE GOT TIN-PLATED TOM-AHAWKS... THE ANSWER IS NO! NOW GET SOME REST BEFORE WE MOVE!

THROUGH THE HOURS THAT MOVED FROM GRAY DAYLIGHT INTO NIGHT, THE MEN OF THE SQUAD GOT BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH CHARLIE!

SO AFTER I FINISHED COLLEGE, I WENT BACK TO THE MOUNTAINS TO STUDY AND RECORD INDIAN LORE AND WOODCRAFT TRICKS!

PAEDON ME FOR BEING PERSONAL, CHIEF, BUT YOU WOULDN'T BE FIGURING ON PULLING ONE OF THOSE TRICKS ON THE SARGE WOULD YOU?



YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID ABOUT NOT GOING OFF ON YOUR OWN!

NOW FELLOWS, YOU KNOW A SERGEANT'S WORD IS LAW IN THE ARMY! I'M JUST GOING OUT FOR A WALK ALONG THE TRENCH TO EASE MY FEET!

OKAY! I'M THE THREE MONKEYS... HEAR NOTHING, SEE NOTHING, SAY NOTHING! BUT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO BORROW THIS .45 I LIBERATED!

THANKS, FRIEND! I'LL WALK BETTER WITH MY HIP BALANCED, AT THAT! SEE YOU AROUND!



# G.I. COMBAT

RELIEVED  
OF ALMOST  
6 POUNDS  
OF  
CUMBERSOME  
BOOTS, CHARLIE  
LONGHORSE  
WAS A DRIFTING  
SHADOW  
AS HE  
SLID  
ONTO  
THE  
DEADLY  
SLOPE!



IF THE SARGE CATCHES ME  
NOW, I'M A GOOD INDIAN...  
AS THE OLD-TIMERS  
RATED US!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, UP  
THE BUNKERED SLOPE OF  
NAMELESS RIDGE...

THAT'S FINE, BOYS! STAY  
TURNED AND CLOSE  
TOGETHER!



CHIN UP, BOYS! LET'S  
NOT MAKE  
THIS  
DIFFICULT!



I'LL JUST LEAVE THEM TIED UP  
BACK THERE SO THEY WON'T  
INTERFERE! SILENCE AND  
STEALTH FROM  
HERE ON!



NO OLD-  
TIME  
INDIAN  
RAID  
EVER  
MOVED  
WITH  
MORE  
SILENT  
DEADLINESS!  
NO RED  
HEARD  
A SOUND  
OR SAW  
THE  
INDIAN!

SURPRISED? WELL YOUR  
FRIENDS WILL BE MORE  
SO WHEN THEY FIND  
THEIR SENTRYRIES  
TIED UP NICE  
AND NEAT!



CROUCHED, FROZEN, CHARLIE SEARCHED NIGHT  
BREEZES WITH EARS AND NOSTRILS TRAINED TO  
DETECT THE FANTEST CLUES!

I HEAR BREATHING AND CATCH THE  
SCENT OF GARLIC! THAT MEANS REDS  
SOMEWHERE UP-WIND AND NOT OVER  
A DOZEN YARDS!



THERE THEY ARE, UNDER THIS ROCK  
OVERHANG! NO WONDER BOMBS  
AND SHELLS COULDN'T KNOCK  
THEM OUT!





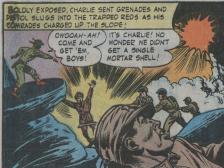
HAVE SOME  
PINEAPPLES,  
BOYS!



AS IF IN  
ECHO TO  
THOSE  
DEADLY  
BURSTS,  
THE ALLIED  
MORTARS  
SENT UP  
SHELLS  
TO LIGHT  
THE ATTACK  
... WHILE  
CHARLIE  
LONGHORSE  
WELCOMED  
HIS  
SQUADRON  
MATES  
WITH A  
WARWHOOP!



OYOOAH-AH-AH-WAH-WAH!



BOLDLY EXPOSED, CHARLIE SENT GRENADES AND  
PISTOL SLUGS INTO THE TRAPPED REDS AS HIS  
COMRADES CHARGED UP THE SLOPE!

OYOOAH-AH!  
COME AND  
GET 'EM,  
BOYS!

IT'S CHARLIE! NO  
WONDER HE DIDNT  
GET A SINGLE  
MORTAR SHELL!



WE'RE EVEN,  
SARGE!

YOU!



DID I ... OR DID I NOT..  
FORBID YOU TO GO OUT  
ON A LONE-WOLF  
MISSION, PRIVATE  
LONGHORSE?

UUP!..UH...I GUESS  
YOU DID, SARGE, BUT...



DONT ARGUE! FOR PUNISHMENT,  
YOU'LL SPEND THE NEXT 30 DAYS  
TEACHING THAT WARWHOOP AND  
TRAILING TRICKS TO THE REST  
OF THE SQUAD!

YA-HOOO! IF WE  
CANT KILL 'EM,  
WE'LL SCARE 'EM  
TO DEATH!

# Fishermen! CATCH MORE FISH With This NEW AUTOMATIC "Shur Hooker" FISHERMAN!



COMPLETE \$1.00  
ONLY

## WORKS WHILE YOU SLEEP!

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